

# Mr. Edwards' Unraveled Life Chapter 489

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Chapter 489

“Reporter White.”

A voice pulled Norah back to reality.

She turned and saw a soldier in uniform standing at the door.

“Comrade, are you looking for me?” she asked.

“Yes. The Yi tribe sent a large shipment of supplies, and they need your signature.”

“Oh, got it.”

For the past five years, no matter where she was, the Yi tribe had consistently sent large amounts of supplies. Others handled the deliveries, and Baimo and Pharaoh never appeared again. Yet, every month, a substantial sum of money was deposited into her account.

The supplies benefited the struggling locals and improved conditions for the soldiers, leaving Norah no reason to refuse them. Besides, she never saw Baimo or Pharaoh anyway.

She gently patted Cooper’s head. “Auntie has to step out. Don’t run off.”

Cooper nodded.

Seeing his continued silence, Norah felt a heavy weight on her heart. If no one was at the embassy, she would have to contact Jace and ask him to check in.

Children who avoid speaking often exhibit signs of autism. This needed medical attention—diagnosis, treatment, and early intervention.

She followed the soldier to the drop-off site, where she took the inventory list and prepared to sign.

“Norah.”

A soft, familiar voice made her look up.

Baimo stood a short distance away, dressed in a white shirt, smiling.

She hadn't seen him in five years, yet he looked just as he had before—calm, refined, and composed.

Baimo now held complete control over the Yi people. The tribe had unified and begun fostering diplomatic relations with Craggaville. The region was finally stable and at peace.

Norah knew all of this. Still, she had never reached out to Baimo, never inquired about his well-being.

Now, with him standing before her, personally delivering supplies, she understood—he was here for a reason.

"What do you need from me?" she asked, cutting straight to the point before he could speak.

She signed her name and handed the slip to the soldier beside her. "Go ahead and verify everything. This is my friend. If you need me, just call."

"Understood, Reporter White."

As the soldier left, Norah approached Baimo.

A flicker of sorrow crossed his eyes. "You look thinner and darker than before."

Norah smiled. "Traveling constantly does that to you."

"Haven't you had enough of this life?"

There were two reasons Norah had been able to become a war correspondent. First, Pharaoh and Kevin had supported her, ensuring her safety. Second, while her press credentials protected her to some extent, Pharaoh had also assigned people to watch over her in secret.

For years, Baimo had arranged for supplies to be sent but had never appeared himself. He had hoped that, eventually, Norah would reach out to him. But she never did.

This time, he wanted to gauge her reaction. Yet, she remained calm, unaffected.

Norah lowered her voice. "I love this job. If possible, I'd do it for the rest of my life."

War correspondents were rare. The risks were high. But for her, it was a way to grow, to help others—just as Kevin once had. At first, she had pursued this path to be closer to him.

“You’ve been in this field long enough to know—Calvin is alive. He was ambitious, manipulated into playing a key role. I need your help.”

Baimo took a deep breath, steadying his emotions.

Norah was quiet for a few moments. “With what?”

If Baimo had come all this way, she knew it was something she could help with—otherwise, he wouldn’t have asked.

“Bianca stole your identity back then. Calvin nearly took over the Yi tribe. If you return with me, Calvin will come looking for me.” Baimo spoke slowly, watching Norah carefully.

She remained composed, her expression unreadable. Just as Baimo thought she might refuse, she answered softly, “Okay. I’ll go with you.”

Back then, when she and Kevin were in the Yi tribe, Bianca had captured her. But Baimo had protected her in secret.

Now, if he needed her help, she had no reason to refuse.

“We leave today,” Baimo said urgently.

“Can you wait a few days?”

In the past, Norah would have agreed without hesitation. But now, Cooper was with her. She couldn’t just leave him behind.

Baimo studied her, sensing something was weighing on her. After a brief pause, he asked, “Why the delay?”

Norah should have had no reason to hesitate.

“There’s a child I’m looking after. The embassy asked me to care for him for three days.”

She didn’t hide the truth from him. Baimo immediately understood.

In these past five years, Norah hadn't just been a war correspondent. She had also helped countless children and the elderly. Locals even called her the "Female Bodhisattva."

Baimo nodded. "Alright. I'll come back in three days."

"Okay."

During those three days, she focused on her reporting while keeping Cooper close. He never cried, never acted up, never spoke. If she hadn't heard his voice before, she might have thought he was mute.

He was obedient—helping her pour water, water the plants, and dry towels.

But when she took him to the embassy, he resisted. The embassy later called her. "Ms. White, we couldn't find any records on him. The only option now is to place him in a local welfare home or send him back to one in our country."

Sending such a young child to a welfare home...

After spending just three days with Cooper, Norah already felt a pang of reluctance. His eyes, red-rimmed like a rabbit's, made her heart ache.

Still, all goodbyes are inevitable.

She knelt beside him, holding his hand gently. "Cooper, Auntie has to go. The embassy couldn't find your family, so you'll have to stay at the welfare home for now. But we'll see each other again."

Cooper said nothing but clung to her hand, his eyes filled with silent hope.

Norah hesitated, about to say more, when suddenly, Cooper's face went pale. His breathing turned labored.

Her heart pounded. "Cooper? Cooper, what's wrong?!"

She scooped him up. His lips had turned blue, his eyes unfocused.

Panicked, she had no choice.

She rushed him to the military doctor.

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The military doctor administered first aid to Cooper, examined him thoroughly, and finally diagnosed, "It's asthma. He needs to have his medication with him at all times."

Asthma...

Norah felt a chill run down her spine.

She knew that asthma could be caused by congenital deficiencies, heredity, or environmental factors. But one thing was certain—without immediate treatment, an attack could be fatal.

A terrifying thought gripped her. If Cooper hadn't met her, if he hadn't been in the barracks today, would he have suffered an attack alone, with no one to help him? Would he have died, unnoticed?

Yet, even in his weakened state, Cooper's small hand clung tightly to hers.

She thought back to that day when he had insisted he didn't want to go to the embassy—he wanted to stay with her. Maybe it was because he felt she was the only one who truly cared for him.

Maybe...

A sudden cough snapped her out of her thoughts. She looked over and saw Cooper had woken up.

His dark eyes fixed on her, filled with quiet sadness.

He shook his head, and she understood immediately. He didn't want to be separated from her. He didn't want to be sent to the embassy. This child needed someone to care for him.

She had already promised Baimo that she would go to the Yi tribe first. Once she completed that mission, she would take Cooper with her—so Jace could treat him.

Norah gently stroked the back of Cooper's hand. "If you want to stay with me, then okay. Once you're better, I'll find you a family."

Cooper shook his head again.

Norah's heart ached. Such a young child, with no family of his own.

What she didn't realize was that Cooper didn't want to be separated from her at all.

Baimo had been watching everything. When Norah stepped out of the tent, he walked up to her with long strides.

“We’re leaving tonight.”

“If you’re worried about the child, bring him with you,” Baimo said, his voice firm.

Norah hadn’t even realized Baimo had been by her side the entire time.

And now, he was willing to compromise for her.

Even though the Yi people had made amends in recent years, she could never forget what they had done in the past.

“Why are you pushing me to leave now?” she asked, tightening her fingers into a fist. She lifted her gaze to Baimo, her chest heavy with emotion.

Baimo met her eyes. “Because it’s been long enough. I think you’re ready. And we’ve been preparing for this for years. Norah, we can’t let Calvin grow any stronger.”

Calvin’s hatred had fueled his rise, but it was also what had led to Bianca’s death. They all knew the truth. If they wanted to dismantle his plans, they had to strike first.

Norah was silent.

Baimo spoke again. “This child showed up too suddenly. You need to be careful. Don’t let your emotions cloud your judgment.”

His tone shifted slightly—was he calling her soft-hearted?

But kindness could be a dangerous weakness.

Baimo just didn’t want Norah to get hurt.

After everything that had happened over the past five years, how could she not know that?

But this child... he was innocent.

War had left many children orphaned, lost, and wounded.

The soldiers had likely pushed the child toward her because she was a journalist and a foreign national. Their solution was simple—send him to the embassy. But because of certain complications, she had ended up taking care of him for a few days.

Everything pointed to this being an accident, not some elaborate scheme.

Norah exhaled. “I understand. We leave today.”

She didn't have much to pack—just a couple of outfits for Cooper and a small backpack. Before heading off, she turned to Baimo. “I still have unfinished business here. I'll go to the Yi tribe with you, but finish your mission quickly. I'll stay for three days, at most.”

Three days...

That wasn't a lot of time.

But if Norah was willing to go to the Yi tribe, that was already a win.

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Cooper stayed by Norah's side, quiet and obedient.

Baimo noticed.

From a certain angle, Cooper even looked a bit like Norah. But Baimo knew the truth—Norah and Kevin's child had died five years ago.

Even if he had survived, Norah had been missing for five years.

And Kevin had vanished without a trace.

Cooper's resemblance had to be a coincidence.

Then—

*Bang!*

A deafening explosion tore through the night.

“Bad news, Young Master Baimo! We've walked into an ambush!” It was the voice of Clown.

Baimo's expression darkened. “Hold your positions! Get everyone in place!”

Norah caught a glimpse of the cold determination in his eyes.

He pulled out his gun.

They leapt from the vehicle to fight. Norah stayed inside, shielding Cooper in her arms.

She didn't want him to see this.

Outside, gunfire erupted.

Norah had no idea if Baimo would make it out alive tonight. But she could only stay put—she couldn't afford to be a burden.

Time passed agonizingly slow, but eventually, the gunfire ceased.

The silence was eerie.

Norah's heart pounded. She turned to Cooper. "Stay under the seat. Don't come out. I need to check on things."

Baimo and Clown were still out there. She had to make sure they were safe.

Even though she hadn't acknowledged Baimo as an ally, he had protected her for years.

She owed him that much.

But as soon as she stepped out of the vehicle, she saw Baimo and Clown standing tensely, facing another group of men.

A man stood across from them, wearing a silver mask.

He was tall—about 6'3"—and the sunlight gleamed off his mask.

Something about his build felt familiar.

Norah's breath hitched.

The figure in her mind—the one she hadn't seen in years—merged with the man standing before her.

She heard a voice. "Third Young Master, all personnel are accounted for. The president is urging us to return."

"If the opportunity arises," the masked man said, his voice deep and rough, "we can work together."

Then, he turned and walked away.

His voice was hoarse, as if his throat had been damaged.

It wasn't Kevin's voice.

A sharp pain stung Norah's chest. Her throat tightened.

Of course, it wasn't him.

If Kevin were still alive, if he had been the one helping her, how could he not have come to her?

She clenched her fists, forcing herself to stay calm.



Baimo turned, his expression serious. "Didn't I tell you to stay in the car? Do you have a gun for self-defense?"

Norah nodded.

But Baimo's gaze didn't soften. "You can't do this again. It's too dangerous. You understand? I won't let anything happen to you!"